

## Whitechapel "Somatically Incorrect"

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There are no bonds between a mastermind of  
Armageddon  
And the ones who vomit forth their fabrication  
Of a life that is blinded by lies  
Funny how it all works out  
This is my chance to control  
You're lying on the shards talking to yourself  
Your innards exposed  
Laughing uncontrollably, crushing your anatomy  
Delusional psychosis has it's grip on me  
I just can't fucking wait  
I have the upper hand to do whatever I please  
I'm in love with the fact that you're looking at me  
While you take your last gasp of air  
Crawl back into your comforting hole  
Keep promising yourself that salvation will come  
I really don't think you know the life that you could have  
Just keep thinking everything will be all right  
Keep thinking you can hide from destiny  
I'll keep haunting every move you make  
Let me inside your mind  
I prefer you to defend yourself  
Schizophrenia interrupts the scene of attention  
Let's see how long this will last  
It's normal to dismember, it's normal to contain no  
regrets  
For what I have caused and the dramatic effect  
My vision's spinning my nose is bleeding  
Everything is slowly distorting  
This is somatically incorrect  
Through hell you will walk to even get the slightest  
moment of peace  
You haven't even gotten anything close to what you  
deserve  
It's set in stone and putrefaction will be my oxygen  
Recite your pledge to death and don't forget to die  
Choke on the false hope

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